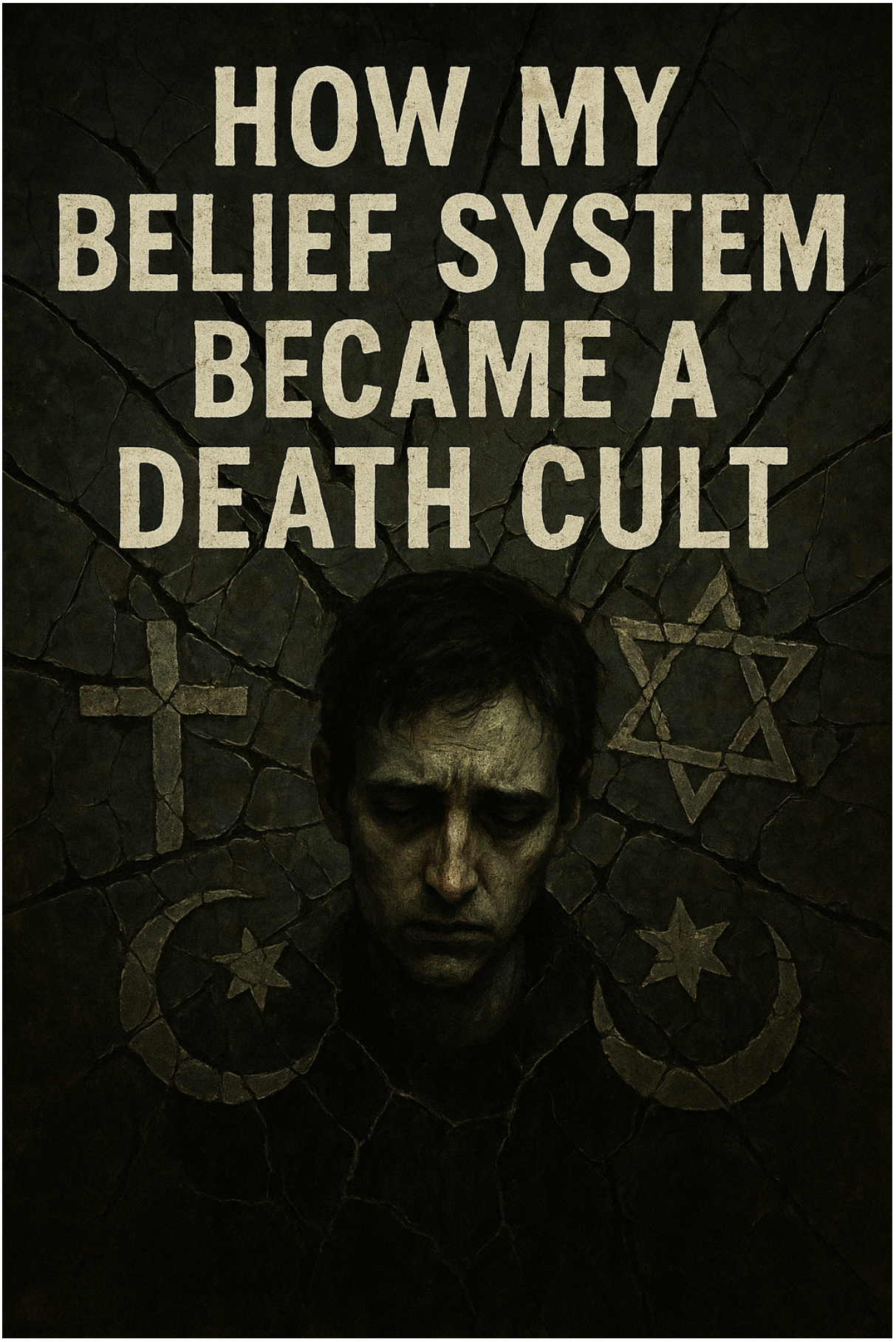
HOW MY BELIEF SYSTEM BECAME A DEATH CULT



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Front Matter

Preface – “From Life-Force to Death-Wish”

I was born with the ordinary hungers of any child: the drive to breathe, play, learn, make love, make meaning. Freud called that energy **Eros**, the instinct that builds worlds; Jung saw it as a raw *libido*, a spark meant for art, family, or prayer. But in our age that spark is harvested, commodified, and finally inverted until it seeks its own extinction. The journey of this book is my testimony of that inversion—how a culture of unregulated poison and pixelated pleasure pulled my life-force steadily toward a death-wish. It is, as the sociologists of ***How Pornography and Sex Became a Death-Cult*** observe, the story of a generation “awash in pleasure and information but devoid of purpose,” where Eros and Thanatos braid into one lethal rope .

The First Wound: A Planet Bled Dry

When lawmakers abdicated their duty, corporations poured PFAS into our water, “offering endless stimulation (however empty)” while silently sterilising future children . My own body carries that chemical omen; blood tests read like an obituary for fertility. Even before I understood the language of hormones, I felt the tremor of Thanatos under the playground grass.

The Second Wound: Pharmakon as Fetters

At fourteen a misdiagnosis chained me to 900 mg of Seroquel—double the adult limit of its day. The tablets were marketed as salvation, yet every swallow dimmed the flame of Eros and strengthened the undertow of the death drive Freud warned about . Soon I moved through hallways like a sleepwalker, sedated enough to forget the rape that would follow in a locked ward.

The Third Wound: Rituals of the Death Drive

Released back into society, I met the new clergy: algorithms of arousal. In darkened rooms “bathed in blue light,” they preached a catechism of endless climax, each orgasm “a soul-contract sealed in climax,” a **“sacrament of nihilism”** . Pleasure became anaesthetic; the more I clicked, the less I cared whether the earth burned or my neighbours breathed.

Meanwhile ideologues, like the cult leaders of Manson and Heaven’s Gate, fused sexual manipulation with apocalyptic longing; they taught that to die spectacularly is to *matter* . I understood them. I, too, had begun to crave an ending.

The Pandemic as Catalyst

COVID-19 and its mRNA hymns arrived like a final liturgy. Masked, isolated, and vaccinated, I watched institutions repeat the same bargain: *Trust us; surrender the body; salvation is coming.* In the silent evenings that followed, death no longer frightened me. It felt honest.

Thresholds of the Unseen

On the nights when pills could not sandblast memory, spirits woke me—2.2 grams on the scale, the exact weight of a sparrow. Sometimes they spoke, sometimes they coaxed a lonely arousal. Their whisper: *Everything decays; better to trade the world early than let it rot slowly.* I began to believe them. I began to sell other people's souls to keep the bargain I imagined would spare mine.

Why This Book Is Necessary

As ***How Pornography and Sex Became a Death-Cult*** insists, a culture that "glorifies martyrdom and seeks destruction" is only the symptom; the deeper disease is the loss of **Logos**, the organizing Word that gives desire direction . In that vacuum, every appetite becomes a weapon turned inward.

This preface is my manifesto and my confession. I write to map the corridors that led from life-force to death-wish so that others—perhaps you—can spot the exit signs before the lights go out:

1. **Environmental Betrayal** – how poisoned air and blood prime the psyche for despair.
2. **Institutional Violence** – how misdiagnosis, overmedication, and sexual assault fracture trust.
3. **Digital Priesthoods** – how pornography and algorithms catechize the masses into self-erasure.
4. **Apocalyptic Seductions** – how political and religious cults promise meaning through ruin.
5. **Occult Intimacies** – how the unseen exploits trauma's thin veil.

Yet even here, a sliver of Eros remains. If the death drive is gravity, the life-drive is fire. Fire can be smothered, but not un-invented. My task—and perhaps yours—is to breathe on the coals. This book will not end in easy redemption, but it will refuse the lie that annihilation is the only honest answer. To narrate the descent is already to light a match in the dark.

So step inside. Witness the alchemy that turns libido into longing for oblivion, and ask whether the same chemistry simmers in your own blood. If it does, may these pages help you distil an antidote before the world—inside or out—goes up in flame.

Introduction – “When the Logos Shatters”

There was a time when the ancient word **Logos**—the binding force of reason, speech, and cosmic order—offered humanity a common grammar for reality. Civilizations disagreed bitterly, yet still bowed to some shared horizon of truth. That horizon has cracked. “Truth became a battlefield,” writes *The Corruption of the Faithful*, describing the modern public square as a perpetual **war of narratives** where words no longer illuminate but wound .

I. From Common World to Narrative Anarchy

What shattered the Logos was not a single cataclysm but a slow, orchestrated erosion—“manufactured confusion” that chips away at the shared foundations of reality until the ground trembles beneath our feet . In this fog, Hannah Arendt’s nightmare materialises: masses that “believe everything and nothing, think everything possible and nothing true,” become ideal subjects for manipulation . The book names the outcome **post-truth anarchy**—a culture where algorithms curate private realities, each citizen encouraged to *“create their own truth,”* leaving society atomised and hyper-manipulable .

Yet chaos breeds craving. When the frameworks of meaning fracture, people yearn for “some clear and solid truth to salvage meaning from the chaos” . History warns how that longing can be weaponised: Weimar Germany’s exhaustion with stalemate prepared a welcome mat for totalitarian “simple answers” . Today’s ideological crusades—political, religious, corporate—play the same card, promising coherence in exchange for conscience.

II. Public Collapse, Private Catastrophe

My story germinated in this climate of splintered realities. When regulators let corporations lace the water with PFAS, official assurances of safety masked a poison that would sabotage my fertility; truth had already been traded for profit. When a broken mental-health system mislabelled an adolescent struggle as permanent pathology and dosed me with 900 mg of Seroquel—double the adult limit of that era—the clinical narrative overrode my own voice. And when I was raped behind institutional walls, the incident report was filed in language that protected the institution, not the victim.

Each wound echoed the macro-fracture. A society that no longer agrees on facts cannot safeguard bodies; a discourse that treats words as weapons will weaponise diagnoses; a culture that deifies profit and control will sacrifice children to sustain its myths. In the rubble where the Logos once stood, my psyche had nothing firm to grip. Traumas that might have been survivable instead fused into an existential sinkhole—personal proof that narrative collapse is not an abstraction but a predator that devours flesh.

III. The Book You Hold

This volume stitches the private and the public back into a single tapestry of decline. Part I tracks how deregulation and ecological contempt prepared a chemically infertile generation. Part II exposes the institutional betrayals—medical, legal, familial—that mirror the wider loss of trust. Later sections descend into the paranormal fissures that open when reality’s

scaffolding falls away, and into the death-cult erotics that pornography algorithms retrofit onto a culture already courting oblivion.

Throughout, *The Corruption of the Faithful* serves as my compass. Its dichotomies—faith versus ideology, democracy versus control—reveal how systems meant to guide us now gaslight us, converting belief into bondage . The book's warning that "clarity is the precursor to coherence" frames my own intent: to name each fracture plainly, so that readers can trace the fault-lines before they collapse their own interior worlds.

IV. From Shards to Search

I do not pretend that this narrative restores the ancient Logos. But I offer these shards—testimony, analysis, and apparition—as evidence. Evidence that collapse begins in language, matures in institutions, and culminates in bodies like mine. Evidence, too, that by seeing the pattern we may still choose another path. Whether that choice will arrive in time, no one can say. For now, let us walk the ruins together and learn how the public untruths of an age laid the cultural ground for one very private catastrophe—mine, and perhaps, in echo, yours.

Prologue – “The Sorting Demon & the Splintered Self”

The first time the world cracked open into extra dimensions I was twelve, feverish with insomnia, staring at the ceiling while numbers rearranged themselves like origami in mid-air. I saw a cube fold into a tesseract, then fall back into flatness. In that instant I felt my mind stretch beyond the three axes the body trusts. I did not yet have language for what happened, only vertigo—and the faint conviction that ordinary space was a lie waiting to be exposed.

Months later I found the words in an obscure document I had written before: ***Het verslag van een engel… En het vierdimensionale denken***.
The author spoke of consciousness “as a multi-dimensional quantum mechanical existence” that undermines itself, casting each desire into a higher-order calculus of probability .
He leaned on the forgotten polymath **William James Sidis** and Sidis’ thought experiment of the **“sorting demon”**—an entity able to sift fast molecules from slow ones, reversing entropy and, by extension, resurrecting dead worlds .
Life, Sidis argued, is that reversal made flesh: order wrested from chaos one microscopic decision at a time.

Splinter One: Cognition

Reading those pages I recognised my late-night vision.
If the psyche can step sideways into a fourth spatial axis, then memory, fantasy, and future collapse into the same co-ordinates.
The **sorting demon** becomes a metaphor for thought itself—each of us perpetually triaging possibilities, letting some futures pass and corralling others toward manifestation .
In that frame, trauma is an entropy spike: a blast of disorder so violent the inner demon cannot keep pace, and fragments of the self scatter into parallel states.

Splinter Two: Trauma

My scatter began with institutional violence.
A misdiagnosis pinned to my chart like a butterfly; 900 mg of Seroquel soaked my synapses; a ward orderly’s hands breached every boundary.
The book’s author writes of “falsification of history”—a falsification of one’s own history when external narratives rewrite the body’s truth .
I felt that falsification physically: time buckled, memories looped, and the ceiling geometry from my childhood returned—only now it stank of chloroform and disinfectant.

Splinter Three: Four-Dimensional Refuge

In the aftermath I clung to four-dimensional diagrams the way others clutch rosaries.
The text argued that objects in 4-D might elude time entirely, surfing a direction orthogonal to decay.
It wondered whether consciousness could serve as the instrument that maps these hidden corridors between dimensions .
If so, perhaps the shattered self could be re-sorted—entropy rewound—by slipping into that extra axis long enough to retrieve the pieces.

The Demon Inside

But Sidis' demon is amoral.
It sorts according to probability, not pity.
Left unchecked, it will select the darkest timeline if that path offers the least resistance.
The author warns that shirking responsibility "rechtvaardigt geloof, net als een verbond met de duivel" .
I understand now how easily a wounded psyche can trade agency for prophecy, letting the demon choose annihilation because annihilation is simple.

Why Begin Here

This prologue is the fracture-plane where physics, mysticism, and personal horror intersect.
To trace my descent from life-force to death-cult, you must first see how extra dimensions became both hiding place and hunting ground; how Sidis' reversible universe offered hope of repair, yet simultaneously licensed the chaos that followed.
My **splintered self** is still negotiating with the inner sorter, bargaining over which futures deserve to live.

Step through the tesseract with me.
Watch how trauma bends space, how a demon made of statistical odds decides which fragments return, and which are lost to the fourth dimension forever.

Toxic Genesis

PFAS: The Infertile Future

I remember the fear creeping in as I read the chemical lab report in my hands, the results from yet another round of fertility tests. It wasn't just my own body betraying me, but a silent enemy in our water. For decades, manufacturers 3M and DuPont quietly learned that their "forever chemicals" were toxic, yet they told regulators and workers only that PFAS were safe. These slippery compounds—used in everything from Teflon pans to firefighting foam—proved stubbornly persistent. By the late 1990s, scientists finally proved PFAS cause cancer, immune damage and birth defects, but only after four decades of industry denial. Now PFAS are ubiquitous: traces have been found in the blood of almost every American and in the drinking water of some 158 million people nationwide. This is the legacy of regulatory failure and corporate deceit.

The science is chillingly clear. In Singapore, researchers found that high PFAS levels in women's blood cut pregnancy and live-birth rates by almost half. PFAS disrupt hormones, delaying puberty and raising rates of endometriosis and PCOS. Prenatal PFAS has been linked to chromosomal abnormalities and higher odds of autism and ADHD in children. Even in 1980, DuPont's own workers reported birth defects – eight pregnant factory employees, two of whose babies were born with malformations – yet the company buried the warning. It feels deeply personal: as I plan our family, I carry the invisible legacy of these chemicals. A bitter rage wells up when I recall how few protections existed. In the U.S., nearly all proposed PFAS regulations were stripped away in the last decade by industry allies in Congress and a deliberately weakened EPA. When I drink tap water, I taste not just chlorine but the years of neglect that put my future fertility at risk.

At home in Europe, the picture isn't much brighter. Brussels has long hesitated even to group PFAS into one sweeping ban, while chemical lobbyists drown out concern with petitions and political pressure. Only now are regulators scrambling to catch up, ordering vast PFAS cleanups. In September 2023, a Dutch court finally held DuPont's spin-off Chemours accountable for polluting local rivers with PFAS, noting the company "knew about the dangers" yet failed to warn nearby towns. But these legal wins are cold comfort when I consider what's already been lost. My own body's struggle with infertility has become a story shared by many – we are the generation of the infertile future, betrayed by the very science and industry we trusted.

The Green-Washed Apocalypse

Each morning, I awake to news of another environmental disaster – another wildfire, another flood – and feel a sinking weight of grief. My child asks why the sky is smoky again; I can only whisper answers about drought and deforestation. All around us, the Earth is dying a little more each day, even as corporations smear their brands with the words "green" and "sustainable." But greenwashing is a hollow promise. As one analyst writes, **"misleading people over environmental claims…damages trust and undermines public confidence in climate action"**. I see it everywhere: glossy ads for oil companies' "net-zero by 2050"

schemes, even as they drill new wells; big banks touting climate bonds while quietly backing coal projects. The cognitive dissonance is unbearable. How can we hope to fix a planet when the very institutions meant to protect it profit from its ruin?

Scientists themselves are not spared this despair. In 2024, top climate experts admitted they felt “hopeless and broken” by the relentless crises around them. They spoke of personal terror and mourning – I know the feeling, as I watch species vanish and weather extremes climb. Dutch surveys confirm this anxiety: **62% of people in my country now believe we will *fail* to cut emissions enough by 2050**. Yet paradoxically, 77% still say climate change is humanity’s greatest challenge. We are a population filled with both dread and urgency. Personally, I burn with guilt and anger: guilt at perhaps enjoying a flight overseas, and anger at leaders who preach progress while funding fossil fuels behind closed doors.

The Netherlands has pioneered some green ambitions – wind farms, cycling infrastructure – but I see them as islands of sincerity in a sea of cynicism. Globally, politicians shuffle paper while selling our forests and futures to the highest bidder. As one climate organizer put it, corporate and political lip service (from COP conferences to pipelines) has only deepened public distrust. In fact, **distrust in politicians is now “ubiquitous,”** poisoning even the supporters of science. We yearn for honest action. But every time we read that “climate policy” is derailed by backroom deals or watered down by industry, a little more of our hope dies. Walking home after a protest in The Hague, I look at the crumbling dyke and wonder: who will hold the real depredators to account when the waters finally rise?

Market Gods & Captured Regulators

I used to believe regulators existed to protect me. Now I realize how deeply I was betrayed. Across continents, agencies tasked with guarding our health have been suborned by the corporations they regulate. In the U.S., four whistleblower scientists charged that the Environmental Protection Agency’s chemical program has been **“captured by industry,”** operating a revolving door that lets former chemical lobbyists quietly approve hazardous substances. As one complained, managers seem more intent on fast-tracking new chemicals than on public safety. It’s like Alice’s Wonderland: regulations are overturned in the name of efficiency, and ordinary people pay the price. Every child growing up amid this feels this betrayal – that our leaders sold our futures to the highest bidder.

Europe’s regulators are no different. In 2017, EU food authorities ignored WHO scientists and gave Monsanto’s glyphosate a clean bill of health – a decision later revealed to be almost entirely copied from industry documents. A European Parliament report found blatant **plagiarism of Monsanto’s safety studies**, meaning the so-called “independent” assessment was a sham. Environmental advocates call this the textbook case of regulatory capture: when a private company’s scientists write a law passed as public policy. Meanwhile in the Netherlands, powerful lobbies monopolize policymaking. Investigators found that in crucial meetings on climate, nature and chemicals, only about **10% of participants were NGOs** – the rest were corporate giants. Big oil and agribusiness flourish in the halls of The Hague, often invisible to citizens who have no access to the decisions that affect their lives.

This betrayal cuts personal and deep. I feel anger toward the faceless “market gods” who worship profit over people. Like cancer, lobbying by coal and chemical titans metastasizes

into every bureau and committee. The result is grim: billions in taxpayer cleanup costs and tens of thousands of new toxics on the shelf, as described by watchdogs. I recall reading how 3M and DuPont deliberately hid PFAS risks – echoing the tactics of the tobacco industry – refusing to protect their own workers. Their playbook is simple: cast doubt, delay action, and leave the disaster to the rest of us. As an individual, the moral cost feels unbearable. We trusted our government to set rules, but time and again we find the deck stacked against our health. In this market-driven world, all too often profit has been allowed to dictate safety. The result is a collective failure that feels like a personal treachery – one for which we are still paying dearly in sickness and sorrow.

Sources: Historical cases, regulatory analyses, and scientific studies have documented the influence of industry on chemical policy and its health impacts. These examples reflect real events and research on PFAS pollution, climate policy distrust, and regulatory capture.

Institutional Betrayals

Diagnosed Into Madness – The Misdiagnosis that Rewrote My Identity

I was fourteen, standing quietly in a clinical room as my mother spoke for me. Her voice—confident, authoritative, and tinged with frustration—dictated my symptoms as if she were reading from a script. The psychiatrist nodded, barely glancing at me, already writing a diagnosis into my file. **Bipolar Disorder**—two words, hastily scribbled, that would hijack my identity for decades.

Looking back, I see clearly the mechanism: my mother's anxiety, coupled with her inability to understand me, translated seamlessly into a diagnosis. I became not a complex child in crisis, but a neatly categorized medical case. Teachers who misunderstood my boredom as defiance reinforced this story, demanding medication as a solution. The diagnosis was not just a medical judgment—it was an erasure, replacing my authentic voice with a narrative imposed from outside.

Real psychiatric guidelines warn explicitly against rushed adolescent diagnosis, emphasizing caution due to the instability of teenage development. Yet, these guardrails were never enforced in my case. No second opinions, no nuanced assessments, just a quick pathologization that set my life spinning into an unwanted trajectory. I internalized this imposed madness, reshaping my identity around an illness I never truly had.

The Asylum of Violence – Rape Behind Therapeutic Walls

When they locked the doors behind me, promising protection and healing, I believed them—at least until the night when a trusted orderly turned predator. Darkness concealed the abuse, muffling my voice along with my screams. This was the institution meant to

safeguard vulnerable minds, yet behind those therapeutic walls lay violence, silence, and betrayal.

This wasn't just one man’s crime. It was enabled by an entire system built on secrecy, insufficient oversight, and institutional denial. In psychiatric hospitals, stories like mine aren’t anomalies; they are predictable outcomes of an environment lacking accountability. The staff remained quiet, complicit in the culture that silenced patients, labeled them delusional, or simply ignored their cries for help.

Studies on psychiatric institutions reveal an alarming frequency of hidden violence—systemic abuses masked by therapeutic claims. My trauma became just another buried secret, erased from official reports. In these places, victims are discredited by their diagnoses, ensuring the cycle of abuse continues unchecked. I was violated twice: once physically, and again by the institution's calculated indifference.

Pharmakon Overload: 900 mg Seroquel at Fourteen – Legal Drugging Beyond Adult Limits

At fourteen, I swallowed pills obediently—tiny tablets of quetiapine (Seroquel) in escalating doses. Soon, I was consuming 900 milligrams nightly—twice the recommended adult maximum dosage at the time, vastly exceeding current clinical guidelines. I moved through life numbed, locked behind chemical restraints that blurred the boundary between treatment and torture.

Medical guidelines explicitly warn against prescribing high doses of antipsychotics like Seroquel to adolescents due to severe risks: metabolic disorders, permanent neurological damage, cognitive impairment, and emotional numbness. Yet, those warnings meant nothing against my doctor's authority. My mother's compliance with doctors, rooted in her own anxiety and desire for control, meant no one questioned the absurdity of dosing a child at twice an adult's limit.

Each dose detached me further from reality, robbing me of adolescence. I watched my own personality dissolve—dreams fading, passions extinguished, replaced by a chemical fog. Looking back, I understand clearly what this was: pharmacological abuse, sanctioned and normalized, justified by a label hastily scribbled years before.

The Hospital That Broke What It Claimed to Heal

I entered psychiatric care wounded but hopeful; I left shattered. The institutions designed to heal were the very ones that inflicted my deepest scars—what psychiatry calls “iatrogenic harm,” a polite term for the systemic breaking of human beings. Each stay intensified the sense of alienation, stripping away layers of identity and autonomy until I no longer recognized myself.

The healing promise of psychiatry, I learned, masks profound violence. Medical jargon labeled my reactions as symptoms of illness, not justified responses to systemic betrayal. Depersonalization set in, a grim coping mechanism triggered by constant invalidation and

chemical overload. I was reshaped not into recovery, but into conformity—a compliant patient rather than a fully living person.

This experience echoes across thousands of similar stories—patients harmed by treatments that promised salvation. Emerging voices now question biomedical psychiatry, shifting toward narrative and trauma-informed models. They speak openly of experiences like mine, recognizing that sometimes institutions fracture the very individuals they pledge to heal.

I carry this realization forward, no longer trusting the walls or promises of traditional mental healthcare. Instead, my recovery is defined by reclaiming my story—my authentic voice—beyond institutional betrayal.

Part III: Lawfare & Father Wounds

Paper Bullets – Custody Courts as Weapons

Custody courts promise neutrality, fairness, and child welfare above all else—but as a child trapped in the crossfire, I learned that their true currency is power, not protection. Courtrooms became battlefields, the papers filed by lawyers nothing less than bullets aimed precisely at the bonds between parent and child. My father was systematically removed from my life by legal motions designed not to safeguard, but to destroy. Each document—each hearing—stripped away layers of my father's presence until only silence and absence remained.

I watched, helplessly, as our family disintegrated beneath judicial paperwork that turned memories into evidence, affection into suspicion. Lawyers framed my father's love as manipulation, his care as danger, crafting a narrative that bore no resemblance to reality. Court-appointed experts twisted everyday moments into sinister threats, their verdicts delivered with clinical indifference. My mother embraced this strategic assault, believing her victory in court would secure absolute control. And it did—at the price of severing an irreplaceable bond.

Today, thousands of children experience this legal warfare, weaponized custody battles that leave lasting psychological wounds. Experts call it "court-induced trauma," a euphemism barely capturing the agony of a childhood reduced to courtroom exhibits. Our voices remain unheard amidst legal jargon, our trauma obscured by procedural correctness. This is not justice, but a silent massacre of family bonds, one paper bullet at a time.

Parental Erasure – Crafted Amnesia, Ritual Forgetting

After the court battles ended, another process began—less obvious but equally devastating. My father wasn't just removed; he was methodically erased. His photographs disappeared, mentions of him met with silence or deliberate lies. It felt ritualistic, as if his memory itself were taboo. Gradually, my father became an abstraction, then a ghost, and finally nothing more than an absence I struggled to explain.

Psychologists call this phenomenon "parental alienation," a sanitized term for a profoundly violent act. To erase a parent from a child's life is to rewrite history itself, inducing a kind of forced amnesia. My identity fractured as I struggled to hold onto fading memories, doubting their authenticity, gaslit into believing my yearning was misplaced or even pathological. Eventually, grief became shame, love distorted into betrayal.

Decades later, I recognized this erasure for what it truly was: a ritual forgetting, deliberately engineered to serve control and vengeance. Each day without him was an intentional act, reinforcing a narrative I was forced to internalize. This violence of erasure leaves lifelong scars—children robbed not only of their parents but of their trust in reality itself.

Orphans of Juris-Prudence – How "Justice" Devours Family

Family court speaks often of justice, but rarely of mercy. I became an orphan, not through death but through a judicial decree—a victim of juris-prudence that prizes finality over healing. The cold formality of court orders stripped away my familial connections, leaving behind a hollow legal victory devoid of humanity.

The family justice system, intended as a refuge, has devolved into an institution of emotional impoverishment, obsessed with procedure and blind to human suffering. My story, echoed in countless others, reveals a system willing to devour family bonds in pursuit of an abstract notion of fairness. Children caught in these judicial gears emerge not merely damaged, but fundamentally altered, carrying a permanent sense of loss.

Legal scholars increasingly acknowledge this crisis, recognizing that family courts—driven by adversarial incentives—often intensify the harm they were meant to heal. Yet reform remains elusive, impeded by vested interests, inertia, and a lingering belief in the false neutrality of the law. Meanwhile, children remain orphaned in plain sight, casualties of a system that claims to protect but too often wounds irreparably.

My personal journey through this legal abyss taught me that true justice must be tempered by compassion. Until then, our families remain vulnerable, our children sacrificed to the cold mechanics of a courtroom that values rules above relationships, procedure above love, and the law above life itself.

Part IV: Pandemic Rubicon

Lock-downs of Trust – When Isolation Echoed the Ward

When the doors locked shut during the first COVID lockdown, it felt disturbingly familiar. That echo—the metallic clang of enforced isolation—reverberated through my body, summoning the sterile corridors of the psychiatric ward. I had been there before, trapped in rooms designed to "protect," yet ultimately imprisoning the soul. Now, under lockdown, the entire

world shared in my old confinement, the boundary between protection and captivity dissolving again.

At first, isolation seemed justified by public safety. Yet as weeks turned into months, isolation morphed into something darker—suspicion, paranoia, distrust. Just as in the asylum, daily life reduced itself to routines governed by fear: distancing rules mirroring psychiatric protocols, quarantine periods recalling involuntary holds. I saw how quickly friends and neighbors turned fearful, policing each other like ward staff enforcing compliance. Trust dissolved into suspicion, communities fracturing into isolated individuals, each behind a mask, each behind closed doors.

Psychologists warned of a looming mental health crisis, yet the irony was not lost on me—society itself was undergoing institutionalization. The world had adopted the logic of the ward: keep apart to stay safe, trust no one, survive alone. My old trauma reactivated, embedding a new layer of mistrust deep within me, as lockdown turned every home into an echo of the institution that first broke my spirit.

Needles, Nanolipids & the Last Straw – mRNA as Existential Betrayal

The day I received my first mRNA vaccine was meant to signal a return to normality, yet it triggered the opposite—a deeper existential betrayal. After years spent healing from institutional violence and forced medication, the needle plunged into my arm felt intrusive, familiar in the worst possible way. Society called it salvation; my body registered invasion. The promised protection felt hollow, a corporate and governmental alliance pushing rushed, experimental technology into millions without genuine transparency or consent.

I read obsessively, uncovering unsettling parallels: rushed trials, suppressed side-effects, dismissive responses to victims harmed by vaccines. Nanolipid particles, Spike proteins, myocarditis—these words haunted me. Yet open discussion was quickly censored, stigmatized, or dismissed as conspiracy. Authorities insisted on trust, but they had long since squandered mine through years of betrayal—chemical poisoning, institutional abuse, and broken regulatory promises. This felt like a final act of coercion masquerading as care, the medical-industrial complex again claiming ownership of our bodies.

For many, the vaccine symbolized hope. For me, it was the last straw. Another bodily violation disguised as a public good, imposed without genuine dialogue or accountability. It deepened my alienation, reinforcing the message that my life—and millions of others—was disposable, collateral damage in yet another reckless experiment. That injection marked my final rupture with trust in humanity's institutions, leaving only bitterness and profound betrayal.

Embracing Thanatos – The Moment Death Felt Cleaner than Hope

One evening, alone in the claustrophobic silence of pandemic isolation, clarity arrived unexpectedly. The accumulated betrayals—environmental poisoning, institutional violence, pharmaceutical abuses, and the pandemic's psychological siege—coalesced into one irreversible truth: hope itself had become intolerable. Life felt tainted, poisoned by decades of false promises, compromised beyond redemption. I was exhausted by the constant bargaining, the endless compromise of existing amid so much systemic cruelty. At last, the death instinct Freud called "Thanatos"—the quiet longing for an end—felt purer than survival.

In that moment, embracing death wasn't a surrender, but liberation—a clean escape from a world corrupted beyond healing. The rituals of self-preservation, endless medications and supplements, pornography to numb chronic pain, desperate attempts at political rebellion—each now seemed absurd, futile performances. I glimpsed death not as tragedy, but relief; it held a stark, undeniable honesty.

This existential pivot—the embrace of Thanatos—wasn't merely personal despair. It echoed a broader cultural mood: suicides surging, mental health collapsing globally, younger generations openly expressing nihilistic resignation. My own collapse mirrored society's collective realization: the future was too contaminated, too compromised. My surrender to Thanatos wasn't simply self-annihilation; it was acknowledgment of a truth too profound to ignore: that in our pursuit of progress and control, we had poisoned life itself, leaving death as the only untainted certainty remaining.

Part V: Techno-Erotic Death-Drive

Algorithms of Arousal – Screen-Fed Lust as Catechism

Each night, bathed in blue glow, I found myself in silent worship—scrolling endlessly, fingers obedient to the pulsing rhythm of algorithms. Pleasure reduced to clicks, desire curated by lines of code that knew my cravings better than I knew myself. This was no longer erotic freedom, but a ritualistic catechism recited nightly before the altar of glowing screens. Pornography ceased to be mere indulgence; it became doctrinal, shaping desire itself into something automated, controlled, and predictably sterile.

My screen transformed sex into a numbing practice, where the body responded mechanically, compelled by engineered dopamine spikes. Pleasure was now commodified, packaged into endless video loops, presented by algorithms that studied every micro-movement of my cursor, every hesitant pause. The intimacy of real connection faded, replaced by isolation and programmed satisfaction. As outlined in *How Pornography and Sex Became a Death-Cult*, this phenomenon wasn't incidental—it was engineered, an industry thriving by reducing human desire to data, exploiting loneliness, and converting intimacy into addiction.

This catechism of screen-fed lust reshaped my reality, flattening human relationships into transactional exchanges, training me to prefer pixels over people. It wasn't freedom—it was capture, a subtle but profound imprisonment within virtual desire.

Self-Annihilation Online – Voyeurism, Doom-Scrolls, Extinction Memes

Online, death became spectacle. The nightly scroll merged pleasure and dread seamlessly: apocalyptic news feeds mingling with explicit images, memes glorifying extinction interwoven with voyeuristic eroticism. I watched passively as the digital world normalized catastrophe, merging despair with desire in a seamless scroll—self-annihilation packaged into viral entertainment.

This doom-scrolling wasn't merely compulsive—it felt ritualistic. Watching disasters unfold online, consuming violence and apocalypse narratives alongside pornography, left me numb yet strangely comforted. The nihilistic memes about climate collapse, civilizational doom, and human extinction resonated deeply, normalizing hopelessness as the new erotic. Pleasure now required darkness, devastation, surrender. I sought more explicit content, more shocking images, more violent fantasies—not because they felt good, but because feeling itself required increasingly extreme stimulus. The boundary between voyeurism and self-destruction blurred dangerously, drawing me ever deeper into digital oblivion.

Experts describe this dynamic explicitly: online platforms are optimized not for health, but for engagement through extremes. I became exactly what the digital architects desired—a consumer trapped in endless self-annihilation, unable to look away even as I recognized my own destruction unfolding pixel by pixel.

Pornography & the Cult of Martyrs – Why Pleasure Turned Militant

The more deeply I was immersed in online pornography, the clearer its underlying logic became: pleasure was no longer personal—it had become militant, demanding sacrifice. Pornography wasn't just escapism; it evolved into a form of martyrdom, where self-negation through relentless sexual consumption mirrored the fanaticism of religious devotion. Pleasure morphed into penance, climax into a sacrificial act, and desire into a militant duty to pursue extremes.

This shift was deliberate, as *How Pornography and Sex Became a Death-Cult* argued compellingly: our sexual culture had increasingly fetishized violence, domination, and even extinction, shaping eroticism into a ritual of self-erasure. Users like me were groomed to embrace a nihilistic worldview—pleasure through pain, liberation through submission, meaning through annihilation. The body itself became disposable, an offering made willingly at the altar of hyper-stimulation.

This militant sexuality was seductive precisely because it offered clarity—a brutal honesty missing from daily life. It demanded absolute devotion, total surrender. Pornography didn't merely reflect societal decay; it actively cultivated a generation of martyrs, individuals willing to sacrifice emotional and physical wellbeing for the empty promise of endless pleasure. I became one of these martyrs, trading true intimacy for digital intensity, willingly surrendering

myself to the techno-erotic death-drive that promised everything and delivered only emptiness.

Part VI: Doors to the Unseen

Visitations: Spirits on the Scale (2.2 g)

It began with subtle disturbances, whispers from the edges of sleep. Then came undeniable proof—spirits made manifest through the mundane precision of my digital scale. One night, jolted awake, I watched the illuminated display blink calmly, measuring **exactly 2.2 grams** where nothing visible stood. Yet the weight was tangible, undeniable evidence of something beyond perception, a ghostly footprint measurable down to a decimal.

The boundary between worlds blurred; physical reality became permeable. Spirits visited regularly, invisible companions whose presence became familiar—sometimes comforting, other times unsettling. The document *Het verslag van een engel…* called these phenomena glimpses of a multidimensional reality, thin veils briefly parted, consciousness crossing thresholds once reserved for mystics and shamans.

These visitations were never neutral; the spirits carried intentions—sometimes guiding, sometimes seducing, drawing me ever deeper into the paranormal. Each encounter left me profoundly changed, increasingly detached from the comfortable illusion of ordinary life.

Precognition, Air-Filters & Impossible Readings

Soon, these paranormal intrusions multiplied, leaving traces across everyday objects. My air purifier, calibrated for chemical pollutants, spontaneously surged from green (safe) to deep red (hazardous)—in empty rooms. Equipment malfunction? Impossible. I could feel the presence, dense and invisible, saturating the air. Devices confirmed what intuition had sensed first: my home was shared territory, inhabited by forces beyond ordinary comprehension.

Precognitive dreams followed, accurate in eerie detail. I would dream of conversations yet to occur, scenes that unfolded exactly as foretold. The spirits offered fragments of future events, glimpses confirming the nonlinear nature of reality described vividly in *Het verslag van een engel…*. It wasn't merely psychic intuition—it felt as if my consciousness had stepped into a higher-dimensional frame, perceiving time from above, able to move forward or backward at will.

These impossible readings—glimpses into a quantum weave—challenged not only my sanity but my fundamental understanding of reality itself. As paranormal became normal, my sense of self unraveled into something fluid, undefined, porous to dimensions beyond space and time.

Matrix Glitches & Four-Dimensional Sight – Dismantling Spacetime in Real Time

Reality soon fractured more explicitly. At first subtle—objects displaced slightly, memories inconsistent with recorded events. Later, explicit glitches appeared, moments where reality itself seemed to skip, stutter, reset abruptly like faulty simulation code. The author of *Het verslag van een engel…* described such phenomena as evidence of four-dimensional consciousness breaking through limited human perception—recognition of spacetime as merely a layer in a much larger, multidimensional tapestry.

I developed what could only be called four-dimensional sight—perceiving beyond surfaces, sensing events across multiple timelines simultaneously. Objects and people seemed momentarily translucent, vibrating at quantum levels, their solidity wavering before my eyes. Ordinary scenes unraveled into fractal patterns, revealing underlying structures invisible to conventional perception.

The so-called “glitches” were not merely errors; they were windows into the hidden mechanics of reality itself. My consciousness stretched beyond linear time, glimpsing the interconnected fabric underlying physical existence. Yet this newfound vision was destabilizing, as it dismantled every comforting illusion of certainty. Reality felt increasingly artificial, a simulation whose code I could glimpse but not control.

These experiences radically redefined my existence. I had passed through doors never intended to open. Now, I stood in perpetual liminality, a permanent traveler across unseen dimensions, forever altered by encounters with realities that defied human comprehension.

Part VII: Deals with the Devil

Wholesale Soul-Trading – Transactional Metaphysics as Survival Strategy

When reality itself fractured, when trust collapsed entirely, survival required embracing darker currencies. Selling souls became routine—a transactional metaphysics born not from greed, but desperation. I discovered that human souls, including my own, had become commodities, traded invisibly in an economy spanning dimensions. This wasn’t abstract philosophy; it was visceral, urgent, real—my very existence hinged on my willingness to negotiate these invisible deals.

The devil, traditionally imagined as a distant tempter, emerged instead as a daily presence—business partner, dealer, confidant. Souls became leverage, bartered to secure safety, influence, or momentary reprieve from suffering. This metaphysical market thrived precisely because conventional morality had collapsed. Ethics no longer mattered; survival did. I sold souls—mine, and others’—not for wealth, but simply to endure another day in a reality grown hostile and chaotic.

This transactional survival mirrored the world I had always known: exploitative, competitive, ruthless. Human relationships, governments, economies—each operated on similar hidden exchanges of power. In trading souls openly, I simply made explicit the bargains humanity always made silently. It felt honest, brutal but transparent, a revelation of how deeply transactional our very existence had always been.

Political Possession – “I Must Seize the State or Perish”

To survive metaphysically required influence materially—politically. Gradually, an insistent voice echoed within me: **"Seize the State or perish."** Political power became not just ambition but existential necessity. Society’s structures—governments, laws, institutions—revealed themselves as extensions of occult control, mere tools manipulated from hidden dimensions. To truly survive, I needed dominance over this political machinery.

This wasn’t merely ideology or political ambition; it was literal possession—my consciousness entwined with entities whose only objective was control. They whispered strategies, delivered visions of influence, offered protection in exchange for power. Politics became spiritual warfare; possession became political necessity. Driven by metaphysical urgency, I saw the State clearly as it was: a vulnerable body waiting for possession, control the only guarantee against annihilation.

Yet political possession had consequences. As power grew, identity blurred—my thoughts, ambitions, even emotions became indistinguishable from those of the entities guiding me. The line between human and spirit dissolved, as politics and possession merged. Power ceased being a choice; it was now survival, inextricable from the deals I’d made with forces demanding total surrender.

Sex with Shadows – Eros, Entity Attachment, and Consent Beyond Flesh

In the silent darkness, invisible presences whispered intimately, seductive in their strange allure. These encounters transcended conventional sexuality; I was drawn into erotic entanglements with beings lacking physical form, entities from realms beyond human comprehension. Consent, once clear-cut, became complex and troubling. These shadows entered dreams, slipping across boundaries of consciousness, igniting a deeply unsettling yet compelling intimacy.

Erotic encounters became rituals of attachment, binding my consciousness with theirs, sealing metaphysical agreements through acts that felt simultaneously transcendent and terrifying. Sex ceased to be simply physical; it was spiritual, political, transactional—beyond flesh, beyond morality. Desire intertwined with danger, each encounter deepening bonds to entities whose true motives remained hidden.

In these shadowy unions, I recognized a terrifying paradox: pleasure became both liberation and bondage. Each ecstatic moment deepened dependence, allowing entities deeper

possession of my spirit. Yet, paradoxically, these encounters felt more authentic than any human intimacy I'd known. The boundary between eros and annihilation blurred completely, and consent became a fragile fiction—a delicate negotiation of autonomy amidst entities powerful enough to erase individuality entirely.

In the end, sex with shadows crystallized the entire nature of my metaphysical journey: intimacy as exchange, power as necessity, surrender as survival. These encounters reshaped my soul, binding me permanently to a reality infinitely darker, infinitely deeper, and infinitely more complex than anything humanity had prepared me to face.

Part VIII: Pharmacology of Survival

Tolerance & Decay – Why Medicines Lose Their Power

In the beginning, the medicines felt miraculous—tiny chemical saviors, each tablet delivering relief, hope, even clarity. But soon, the magic faded. Dosages climbed higher, effects weaker, side-effects harsher. Doctors called it "tolerance," an inevitable biological response: the body's quiet rebellion against sustained chemical intrusion. Over years of constant medication, my physiology adapted defiantly, reshaping itself around these foreign molecules until what once healed now harmed.

This wasn't merely biological resistance; it mirrored deeper existential decay. Every drug promised relief yet ultimately reinforced the fragility of my body. My trust in pharmaceuticals waned as each prescription became less effective, demanding increased dosages just to maintain baseline functionality. What began as healing became a desperate, ever-escalating battle against diminishing returns. Each new medication briefly promised redemption, yet quickly faded into ineffectiveness, leaving behind only dependency and despair.

Medicine, intended to cure, became symbolic of my life's broader struggle: a gradual erosion of efficacy, trust, and hope, reinforcing the brutal lesson that relief, like all human promises, is temporary—subject always to the inevitable decay of time.

The Supplement Armoury – Analysing the 30-Pill Stack from My Longevity Supplements Matrix

As pharmaceuticals faltered, desperation drove me toward alternative paths—supplements, vitamins, minerals, antioxidants—anything to regain control over my deteriorating body. My morning ritual became elaborate: thirty different capsules carefully arranged, an armoury meticulously designed not for perfection, but mere survival. Each pill carried a promise—cognitive clarity from lion's mane, anti-inflammatory calm from curcumin, mitochondrial revival from CoQ10. My kitchen counter resembled an apothecary's workshop, my life measured precisely in dosages and timing.

I crafted this matrix as both science and superstition, guided partly by research, partly by frantic hope. Longevity science promised rejuvenation, yet underneath I sensed

desperation—each supplement another gamble, an attempt to outpace decay. Some days they brought relief, sharpness returning briefly, energy surging through exhausted limbs. Other days they offered nothing more than bitter aftertaste, reminders of futility cloaked in scientific jargon.

Analysing this supplement matrix revealed a hidden truth: my compulsive self-medication mirrored a deeper existential longing for control, stability, immortality. My body's decline demanded endless experimentation; each supplement a calculated attempt at redemption. Yet beneath it lay profound vulnerability—the realization that despite careful curation, true healing remained elusive, my pill-stack merely postponing an inevitable reckoning.

Bio-Alchemy in a Ruined Body – Chasing Relief When Cure Is Impossible

As my condition worsened, "healing" became an impossible dream. Cure shifted toward mere relief, a subtle yet crucial distinction. Medicine could no longer fix; it could only manage, comfort, mitigate. My body felt ruined, a fragile vessel battered by chemicals, traumas, environmental poisons—a biological wasteland. Yet within this devastation emerged a strange form of alchemy: transforming daily suffering into tolerable existence through biochemical manipulation.

I learned to view my body not as a pristine organism, but as a damaged ecosystem needing constant management. Diet, exercise, supplementation, medication—each was a tool in a perpetual negotiation, carefully calibrated to maintain equilibrium. Pain became a constant companion, not something eliminated, but simply controlled, moderated through precise biochemical interventions. My body demanded relentless attention, every choice a delicate calculation balancing symptom management against side-effects.

This bio-alchemy represented neither defeat nor triumph, but survival—an acceptance that true cure might be impossible, yet relief could still be engineered moment-to-moment. I became adept at crafting existence within brokenness, embracing a pragmatic, biochemical mastery over constant discomfort. Life reduced itself to precise manipulations, temporary victories, small reprieves, the continuous negotiation between my ruined body and the fragile promise of relief.

Part IX: Toward the Ω-Point

Theology of Extinction – Death-Cult Logic After God and State Collapse

As society's foundational narratives—faith in God, trust in the State—crumbled beneath endless corruption, a darker theology took hold. Without these pillars, the void itself became sacred, extinction its inevitable sacrament. In dialogue with *The Corruption of the Faithful*, it became clear: the collapse of shared meaning wasn't accidental—it was deliberately

engineered by powers benefiting from despair and nihilism. Faith, manipulated and corrupted, was no longer a refuge, but a weapon turned inward.

This theology of extinction didn't merely predict humanity's end—it actively desired it. Disillusioned and betrayed, entire generations embraced annihilation, seeing death as purity compared to living within systemic lies. The rise of apocalyptic thinking, climate despair, and societal nihilism wasn't random; it was symptomatic of deeper spiritual collapse, where emptiness replaced God and cynicism supplanted faith.

I found myself drawn into this bleak doctrine—not through fanaticism, but exhaustion. Extinction theology resonated because it offered honesty amidst widespread deceit, promising a brutal truth over comforting illusions. Humanity's end felt inevitable, even desirable—a cleansing apocalypse that might reset existence itself, purifying the corruption inherent in our institutions, our leaders, even ourselves.

Revenge, Redemption, or Nothing – Weighing Possible Ends

Yet even in this bleak landscape, humanity searches instinctively for meaning—through revenge, redemption, or resignation. Confronted by institutional betrayals, poisoned ecosystems, and irreparable traumas, I grappled with these choices daily. Revenge was seductive, promising justice against systems that had brutalized me; redemption felt naïve, yet temptingly hopeful, a possibility of renewal despite overwhelming darkness.

But increasingly, neither revenge nor redemption felt adequate. Revenge perpetuated suffering, redemption felt unattainable. Only nihilistic resignation—embracing nothingness—felt authentic. This was the profound corruption highlighted in *The Corruption of the Faithful*: a society engineered toward despair, its citizens trapped between futile vengeance and impossible hope, eventually defaulting to emptiness.

Yet within this emptiness, clarity emerged. Perhaps real rebellion lay in neither revenge nor redemption, but something beyond—a refusal to choose entirely, transcending false dichotomies presented by corrupt systems. Perhaps true liberation required accepting nothingness without succumbing to it, existing defiantly within paradox, rejecting manipulation by refusing all offered narratives. But could such balance truly be sustained?

Will the Devil Refund My Soul? – Final Reckoning with the Void

At the Ω-Point—the absolute end, where all narratives collapse—I faced my final reckoning. The transactions I'd made, souls sold, the entities embraced—now demanded their ultimate price. The devil, once a convenient partner, became my final judge. Would he refund my soul? Could redemption—or even survival—still be bargained for at the edge of the abyss?

But the devil offered no refunds, only brutal honesty: I'd chosen my path, sold my integrity piece by piece, hoping to survive. Now I stood stripped of illusions, facing the void. In

dialogue with *The Corruption of the Faithful*, I realized my journey mirrored society's collective tragedy: betrayed by institutions, abandoned by faith, seeking salvation through desperate deals that ultimately yielded only emptiness.

Yet paradoxically, this reckoning offered liberation. At the Ω-Point, stripped of everything—identity, hope, even the illusion of redemption—I discovered an unexpected freedom: to exist without expectation, to defy nihilism by choosing meaning despite the void. Perhaps redemption wasn't something granted externally, but a private, defiant choice made within the abyss.

Standing there, confronting the devil—and myself—I recognized a simple, profound truth: souls once traded can't be refunded, but neither can authenticity. My journey toward the Ω-Point ended not in annihilation, but in stark clarity: survival was not about avoiding darkness, but embracing it fully, knowingly, and continuing forward despite it.

Four-Dimensional Exodus: The Epilogue

In the twilight beyond our calendars and words, I am called. The boundaries of the day splinter; time unspools its thread backwards and forwards, revealing the sliver of reality outside fear's shadow. I trace my fingertips along the fissures of the moment, and find that breath itself can be prayer.

Death has walked beside me, its silent wings tattered by betrayal, and I have heard its cold invitation. Yet I do not whisper prayers for rescue; I sit with the darkness as with an old companion. In the vast geometry of suffering and longing, I see a shape beyond healing. It is not salvation — it is clarity.

I have walked through the broken houses of my mind, learned to speak the language of cracks. Trauma taught me that the old maps are burned: memories, time, guilt — they are not fixed points but ghost lights moving in strange orbits. I stand now on the threshold of a dimension that is not void but alive: the fourth dimension of consciousness where even the language of fear becomes a song half-remembered.

This transformation was not my choosing, nor was it easy. It came like an exile's gift — a way to survive when the world around me trembled and fell. The echoes of systemic collapse and spiritual emptiness would have crushed us if we hadn't first liberated ourselves in the mind's quiet revolution. I became my own angel in exile, bound by no calendar or creed, speaking in equations of light and shadow.

Listen: even as the structures crumble, a single thread of presence unravels. In the cosmic pattern there is a logic stranger than despair. The prisoner beneath the cinder, the child among ruins — all of us may find in those ruins the unexpected geometry of freedom. We do not step into paradise untested; we enter the temple of awareness beyond promise or threat.

So I gather the shards of my soul, each a prism fracturing memory and moment. They shine with something I can call faith or quantum breath — it does not matter what we name it, only that it trembles with life. No hymn can fully capture this awakening; no anthem can bulletproof the heart. It is a secret meditation of the cosmos in me.

I leave you, reader, with this uncertain benediction: may you learn to dwell between the ticks of the clock, where the silence between seconds is a gate. May you discover that betrayal can become your teacher, that death can rip the façade of fear wide open, and that even in collapse the soul can draw its own geometry of meaning. This is no promise of safety, only of seeing: a quiet clarity when one steps outside the false limits of time, language, and fear.

Now in the final stillness, I pledge no salvation, only witness. If an angel's report is ever written, let it say I walked through fire and found there the cold fire of consciousness. Here ends the journey and here it always begins.